

INDIAN RECORD

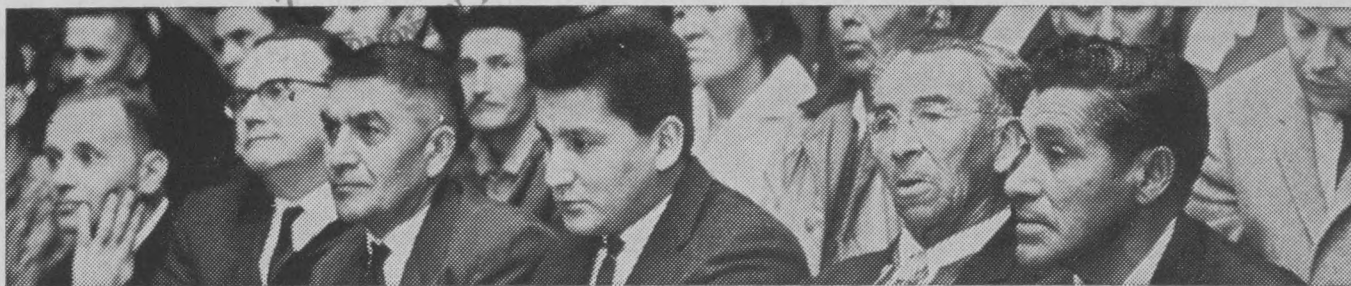
A National Publication for the Indians of Canada

Single Copies 10 cents

Vol. XXIX, No. 1

WINNIPEG, CANADA

JANUARY 1966



Kenora district Indians attend council meeting. For story see Page 3.

(Winnipeg Tribune Photo)

Father Mulvihill Named Bishop

OTTAWA — (CCC) — Rev. James Philip Mulvihill, OMI, 60, secretary of the Oblate Fathers' Commission for Indian and Eskimo Affairs in Ottawa, has been named a bishop to succeed the late Bishop J. L. Coudert, OMI, as Apostolic Vicar of Whitehorse, Yukon.

Father Mulvihill's appointment by Pope Paul VI was announced Dec. 22 by the Apostolic Delegation in Canada.

Secretary of the Oblate Fathers' Commission in Ottawa since 1958, Father Mulvihill will have the personal title of Bishop of Capocilla.

Bishop Coudert, who was head of the vicariate of Whitehorse from 1944, and had previously headed the combined Yukon-Prince Rupert vicariate from 1936, died in Rome last November 14 while attending the Vatican Council. He was 70 years old.

Father Mulvihill was born in Old Chelsea, P.Q., on October 15, 1905. He was ordained on June 24, 1937. Father Mulvihill served for a time as principal of Indian residential schools at Kamloops and Cranbrook, B.C. His new See of Whitehorse includes all 205,000 square miles of the mountainous and arctic Yukon territory, plus part of northern British Columbia. About 5,600 of the vicariate's 17,500 people are Catholics.

Bishop-elect Mulvihill will be consecrated Jan. 25 in Whitehorse, Y.T.

Happy New Year!



Winnipeg's St. John Bosco Indian-Metis Cultural Centre produced this engraving for their 1966 New Year's card.

INDIAN RECORD

REV. G. LAVIOLETTE, O.M.I.
Editor and Manager

504 Scott Bldg., 272 Main St.

Ph. 943-6071 Area Code 204

Winnipeg 1, Man.

Subscription Rate: \$1.00 a Year

Printed by Canadian Publishers Ltd., Winnipeg, Man.
Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada,
and for payment of postage in cash.

Cree Varies In Meaning

by Rev. Leon Levasseur
(RC Parish, Thompson, Man.)

During the summer months of 1958, it was my privilege and pleasure to hold a very lengthy conversation with the chief of the Winterburn Indian Reserve, located on the outskirts of Edmonton.

Although I had acquired my working knowledge of the Cree language among the Swampy Crees of Northern Manitoba, here I was with a prairie Cree able to hold a fluent conversation in the native language. Of course there was a slight difference in both the pronunciation, as one would find between Boston and Texan English, and in the choice of vocabulary, as with petrol compared to gasoline.

The Chief was an old-timer who had travelled wide and far among different Indian bands, always leading from facts seen or experienced to some sort of generalisations. I can still remember the following reminiscence.

ASKED IN CREE

He and another Indian, possibly from the Lac La Ronge vicinity (If I remember well), were travelling on snowshoes over an open space of lakes and rivers. The chief related how, being in unknown territory, he had asked in Cree the approximate distance to the next habitation.

The reply had come: "Four measures," or "Four tipahigana." For the Indian of Winterburn, it rang the bell of about four miles or slightly over one hour of walking. Checking his watch, he calculated the approximate time of arrival.

After an hour-and-a-half had elapsed, and no habitation yet in sight, the chief asked his guide once more, just how far before to the next habitation. The reply this time was: "Not quite two measures" or two "tipahigana."

I could see the twinkle in the old chief's eye as he kept on relating how after another hour had elapsed, he asked again the same question about the distance, to be told this time that it was a little under "two measures" or two "tipahigana."

Poor chief. He had come to learn the hard way that even speaking the same Cree language, there was definitely a difference of vocabulary here between the Winterburn Band and the one of Lac La Ronge.

And so there was. For one thing, the word "tipahigan" meant the measure of one mile, for the other the measure of one hour.

And so for the generalisation, or conclusion: To measure distance in feet and miles; time in function of hours and minutes; liquids in quarts and gallons; cord wood in three dimensions; quantity in pounds and ounces, and the like, all of these exercises of precise measurement are rather recent importations into the Indian's way of life.

As such, the language without a Webster or a governing academy, has tried to give a tag to these new ways of measuring; hence the most common tag of "tipahigan," which applies differently according to different regions.

MODERN NEED

Our technological world is doomed without a sense of minute precision. Such a modern necessity has forced many minds to evaluate a man's worth by the "size" of his car or home, and even a girl's beauty by three circumferences in inches. We seem to want to convert into quantitative concepts any qualitative value, going as far as saying "deep" blue, "thin" pink, etc.

If integration means leading our Indian brother to come that far, I fear that we are still doomed to wait for a few more generations. If it means leading him to see the value of this new tool called "precise measurement" with a corresponding precise vocabulary, so as to better equip him in his daily encounter with his surroundings, then we are already on the way to success.

BOOK REVIEWS

Selection Of Good Reading

Princess of Fort Vancouver. Evelyn S. Lampman. Doubleday, 1962, junior, \$2.95. Against an authentic background, the story tells of a reigning belle of the early Pacific Northwest.

Guns at Quebec. Allan Dwight. Macmillan, 1962, junior, \$3.00. A stirring tale of a lad of Massachusetts who was kidnapped by Indians and sold to a trader in Quebec.

The Sioux Indians. Sonia Bleeker. Morrow, 1962, \$2.75, junior. The author's fifteenth book on Indians, this holds to the usual standard.

Bird of Fire. Olga Maynard. Dodd Mead, 1961, 201 pages, indexed, illustrated, \$4.00. The story of Maria Tallchief of the Osages, following her emergence from the eager student to the dedicated dancer, to the prima ballerina, the first American dancer in the 20th century to be so recognized.

Custer and the Great Controversy. Robert M. Utley. Western Lore Press, 1962, 184 pages illustrated, indexed, bibliography, \$6.75. Few events have been so argued, or so concealed from perspective as the Battle of the Little Bighorn. Designed for the serious student, this is very worth-while reading.

The Totem Pole Indians. Joseph H. Wherry. Funk & Wagnalls, 1964, 152 pages, indexed, illustrated, \$6.50. This comprehensive description of totem poles, the types, how they are made, the lore and tradition concerning them, includes also information about the totem pole areas which can be visited, and the museums which have totem pole collections, both in the U.S. and in Canada. Excellent.

American Indian Dances. Squires-McLean. Ronald Press, 1963, 132 pages, illustrated, \$4.50. A complete introductory guide to Indian dances with detailed instructions for each dance and for making authentic costumes and accessories.

The Ancient Ones. Gordon C. Baldwin. W. W. Norton, 1963, 224 pages, indexed, bibliography, illustrated, \$3.50. A noted archaeologist tells the fascinating story of an early Southwest people.

The Indian in America's Past. Jack D. Forbes. Prentice-Hall, 1964, 181 pages, annotated, \$4.50. The author spans nearly five centuries in his documentation of the Indian's losing struggle against invasions from Europe, Asia and Africa.

Swift Deer. Rotha M. Berry. Naylor, 1953, 101 pages, illustrated, \$2.00. A Navajo boy becomes a doctor.

—Amerindian



Kenora district Indians march for equality.

(Winnipeg Tribune Photo)

400 March For Equality

Unprecedented Display Of Unity

In a united effort to improve their situation, 400 Indians of North-western Ontario marched in dignity before a white man's council to present a protest brief.

It happened November 22 in Kenora, and set into motion a series of meetings with government officials.

In a brief "asking only for Kenora's time and commitment," the Indians described problems of poverty, unemployment, discrimination and alcohol before calling upon the town for four specific undertakings:

- The establishment of a special mayor's committee on Indian-non-Indian relations to act as a medium for the adjustment of grievances between the two groups and to promote greater long-range interracial co-operation.

- Passage of a resolution to be forwarded to the Ontario lands and forests minister asking for negotiations with local Indian leaders on the extension of the fur trapping season.

- A resolution to be forwarded to the Ontario Attorney-General to involve the Alcoholism Research Foundation in the fight against alcoholism in the area.

- A resolution to be forwarded to the federal government to install a radio telephone communication system for Kenora and the local Indian reserves.

Representing some 3,000 members of their race from seven reserves in 100-mile radius of Kenora, the marchers presented their brief at a town council meeting, to Mayor W. E. Norton. Accepting the brief, Mayor Norton said, "This is different from what we expected to hear from you. I thought you would have more specific ideas about how to get more money from the federal government."

Then he told the Indians that while they had been preparing their protest, he had been making plans of his own.

A meeting had been arranged — through Ontario Welfare Minister Louis Cecile — between government officials, municipal officials and Indian chiefs for Nov. 25 in Kenora.

The government officials would be members of a sub-committee struck off for the purpose from the federal-committee on Indians. The groups would "explore the means for designating Kenora and vicinity as a project area for community development."

COMMITTEE UNWANTED

Chief Peter Seymour, one of the Indian spokesman, was on his feet as soon as the mayor was finished to ask whether members of the town Indian-white committee would be asked to join Thursday's meeting.

"No," replied the mayor without further comment.

His terse retort bared the bitterness that developed between white and Indian residents since warnings of possible violence emerged from a conference on Indian-white relations Nov. 13 and 14.

That conference was organized by members of The Indian-white committee of Kenora—the group which subsequently helped organize the march and brief presentation to council.

Associated as it is with the unprecedented Indian protest and with recent scare headlines, the committee has become the target of abuse by the town establishment.

Aldermen point out that two of the most active members of the committee are closely associated with the New Democratic Party. Noting that the Indian vote is crucial in the Kenora riding, they suggest that these men might hope to gain politically from supporting and encouraging ferment among the Indians.

Mr. Seymour, a Rat Portage reserve councillor but not a chief, then received the mayor's permission to address the audience.

After he spoke in Saulteaux, the Indians left the hall in orderly fashion.

THE MEETING ITSELF

Although the meeting was held in the Legion auditorium, police

—Continued on Page 6

Indian-Metis Talks

Wide Range Of Problems Covered

The problems facing the Indian-Metis people of Manitoba were discussed with provincial government officials in Winnipeg in October, preparatory to the 12th annual Indian-Metis Conference in February.

"The subjects covered a wide range of problems . . . which exist mainly because of neglect over many years," according to a press release by the community welfare planning council.

Specifically, Indian-Metis representatives urged the provincial cabinet to consider the following points and take action as soon as possible.

- Improve the over-all standard of education of the Indian and Metis.
- History taught in the schools under-emphasizes the part played by the Indian and Metis people, and should be revised to give a more balanced picture.
- Establish a radio-telephone link in all northern communities.
- Improve the housing of Indian and Metis which at present is of slum standards.
- Provide means whereby the northern people can get information and help in starting community and group enterprises.
- Restore the means of livelihood that have been destroyed by the effects of the floodway at Grand Rapids, on fur-bearing animals, fishing and other resources.
- Enforce game regulations as they apply to the use of aircraft, snowmobiles and power toboggans by sport hunters.

"Apart from these general recommendations, the important and much misunderstood problem of alcohol was discussed in depth," continued the release.

"Conference representatives suggested a group made up of their sub-committee on health and the provincial department of health should get together to:

- Develop a thorough training course on the control of alcohol and its effects.
- Introduce this course as a compulsory subject in the lower grades of the school.
- Offer this course to the staffs of the friendship centres and people of the communities who wish to be



The Inco Company magazine ran this picture of Nelson Linklater with a group of other family pictures of the company's respected employees. Before moving to Thompson, Man., two years ago, Mr. Linklater worked for Canico, the Inco exploration subsidiary on the Manitoba exploration program. His wife Dorothy likes Indian handicraft, and does beautiful bead work. Their happy children are Shirley, 10, Norman, 12, Myrtle, 7, Lorraine, 2, and Patrick, 11 months.

trained in order to contribute to the eradication of the problem.

The release said that "recently, the Kenora affair stressed these same points and the Ontario and federal governments are now aware of the tragedy of poverty that is really the core of the Indians' problem."

The 12th annual Indian-Metis Conference will be held Feb. 11 to 14 in the Royal Alexandra Hotel.

Questions to be discussed at the annual meeting include:

- What progress has been made in our community since the last conference?
- What are our problems?

• Which problems are the most important?

• What must be done to make life better here?

• What do we want our community to be like?

• What must be done to make our community like this?

• What are the things we can do by ourselves to make life better in our community?

• What are the things we can do with government help?

• What are the things that churches and other groups can do to help?

Priest Praises "Santa"

"I am still dizzy with happiness." "At my age (61) I am not so sure that there is no Santa Claus. Not after the surprising but fine offer from the Santa For Ricky Fund."

This was a letter received before Christmas from Rev. Patrick Mercredi, OMI, a Catholic priest, who has worked with Indian and Metis people at Conklin for many years.

Conklin, a small Indian and Metis settlement on the Northern Alberta Railways' line between Fort McMurray and Lac la Biche, is one of six Northern Alberta communities assisted by the Santa For Ricky Fund.

BIG RESPONSE

The fund was originally intended to assist five-year-old Ricky Cardinal and other Indian and Metis children at Calling Lake, 140 miles north of Edmonton.

But the response from Northern Albertans was so great that Christmas gifts and candy were, in the

end, distributed to about 630 children in six areas.

Other areas to receive assistance were Chard, north of Conklin on the NAR line; Chipewyan Lakes, about 400 miles northeast of Edmonton; Sandy Lake, about 100 miles north of Wabasca, and Trout Lake, nearly 200 miles north of Wabasca.

Cultural Centre Director Weds

Miss Jean Cuthand, director of Winnipeg's Indian and Metis Cultural Centre, and sister of Reverend Adam Cuthand, was married November 28 to Mr. Kenneth Goodwill. Mr. Goodwill comes originally from Saskatchewan's Standing Buffalo Reserve and received his education at the Indian Residential School at Lebret.

AT ROSEAU RIVER

Education Marred By Apathy

According to the Winnipeg Free Press, Indian children of Roseau River Indian Reserve in southeastern Manitoba reserve are caught up in an education bottleneck that could seriously mar their future.

Some 104 children go to three one-room schools on the reserve where absenteeism is rampant and only a few students maintain their grades.

Twice in the last seven months two of the schools have had to close for week-long periods in the middle of the term. They were torn apart by vandals.

Another 38 students go to public schools in the neighboring towns of Letellier and Dominion City. But the total is 11 less than the attendance in these schools last year, and it is widely feared that an integration plan worked out for the area has broken down.

Efforts to improve educational opportunities appear to have been choked off by a tangle of Indian apathy, government regulations and apprehension on the part of the Dominion City school board.

Those families who do not fit into the prevailing pattern of apathy have asked to have their children sent off the reserve to residential schools.

This chance to give at least some children a better education opportunity has not been seized because of government priorities in the residential schools.

The policy of the Indian Affairs branch is to send children of broken homes, children without local school facilities and high school students to residential schools before any others.

But after the special categories have been taken care of, there has been no room for the others, officials say.

One official agreed wryly that, educationally, a child from a broken home would be better off than one from a normal home on the Roseau Reserve.

IMPROVEMENT UNLIKELY

Barring unforeseen developments, it does not seem likely the situation will improve until the beginning of the next school year. Meanwhile, the children at the reserve schools, including the students there in spite of their parents' desires, appear doomed to fall continually farther behind children of the same age elsewhere.

This could well lead many into the reserve's prevailing pattern: school dropouts, unemployment, isolation and apathy.

For some Indian parents, this is a matter of real concern.

Chief Albert Henry says: "We need jobs. To get jobs we need education..."

The situation in the reserve's three elementary schools is revealed by recent attendance statistics compiled by the Indian Affairs branch.

For instance, in November there was only 40 per cent attendance at one school. One hundred per cent attendance equals the total number of days that all the students enrolled at the school could possibly have spent in school during the month.

The Dominion City school reported 92 per cent attendance during November, even after the high absenteeism of some Indian children attending the school was averaged in.

Attendance at the other two reserve schools was not quite so bad. Both recorded 62 per cent attendance last month.

These figures are similar to those of the month before. What they do not show is that students at two of the schools lost between a week and 10 days at the beginning of November.

On the night of Oct. 31 juveniles from the reserve broke all the windows, in the two schools, turned over desks, ripped off cupboard doors. Almost the same thing happened the previous May.

The schools were closed for repairs. The \$1,000 in damage was paid for by the Indian band and a watchman was appointed to guard the schools.

Teachers say that in this type of environment, even the most eager students fall behind.

One pointed out that if a child was only in school 50 per cent of the time, he could only be expected to get 50 per cent of the grade he would normally get. Thus, even a 75 per cent student would fail.

An indication of the disadvantages of going to elementary school on the reserve is to be found in the small number of children who go on to high school.

The reserve schools end at grade 8. There are now only 15 students from the reserve attending high school.

Under the federal Indian Act, an Indian child is required to go to school from age seven to age 16 — the same as any other child.

NO TRUANT OFFICER

The Indian Affairs branch is responsible for seeing that they do so.

Under the act, they are empowered to appoint truant officers, and parents are liable to a small fine

if their children are found to be truant.

But there is no truant officer on the Roseau River reserve and no parents have been taken to court despite the rock-bottom attendance figures.

Ed Daggitt, superintendent of the Clandeboye Indian Agency in which the Roseau River reserve is included, says he is "reluctant" to appoint someone from outside the reserve because some of the Indians are hostile to outsiders. He also points out that the Indian Affairs branch does not make funds available to pay a truant officer.

But he agrees that the general low attendance holds back the more eager students. And he concedes that nothing will likely be done for them until next fall.

PARENTS BLAMED

The blame for the absenteeism is usually pinned on the Indian parents. It is claimed they are apathetic, live in conditions that encourage sickness and much more.

It is also pointed out that many parents leave the reserve in the spring to work on farms and take their children with them.

But by November most families have returned to the reserve, and still the absenteeism rates are high.

Officers of the Indian Affairs branch who work with the Roseau River Indians claim this year-round absenteeism is concentrated among a definite group of families.

These workers say that those families who do not fit into this pattern have asked to have their children sent to residential schools. But they are saddled with the policy of the Indian Affairs Branch.

The policy the branch has been following to improve the Roseau situation is to gradually integrate the Indian children into schools in the neighboring towns of Dominion City and Letellier.

PLAN PREPARED

Four years ago, a plan was worked out with the two towns to progressively increase the number of children attending town schools from the reserve. In Letellier, integration apparently is proceeding according to plan. But it has apparently bogged down in Dominion City.

As recounted by Indian Affairs and Dominion City school officials, the trouble began last year after two successful years.

Many of the Indian students were grouped in Grades 1, 2, and 3. The school board began to get complaints that some Indians were not clean,

—Continued on Page 13

SECOND MEETING

Town Council Commits Itself To Campaign

The Kenora Town Council promised November 25 to commit itself to the Indian campaign for equality.

Mayor Edward Norton said in an interview that the decision, taken by council meeting in committee, to endorse without question the four-point request made by 400 marching Indians here last Monday would be passed in resolution form at council's next regular meeting Dec. 13.

The news was greeted enthusiastically not only by Indians but by provincial and federal authorities as a first step towards better Indian-white relations.

The most important of the Indian requests adopted by the town council was for the establishment of a special mayor's committee to act as a medium for the adjustment of grievances between the two groups and to promote greater long range inter-racial co-operation.

Mayor Norton said he expected that membership on the committee would be laid down as asked for by the Indians. This would mean including representatives of the Indian-White Committee as well as neighboring reserves, local Indian residents, and the town council.

Previously, the mayor had refused to invite representatives of the committee which organized the march of Nov. 22, on the ground that they

were "talkers who have not done one practical thing for the Indian."

Two of the other Indian requests which the council was asked to endorse were answered earlier in the day at a meeting with representatives of the federal-provincial co-ordinating committee on Indians.

RESERVES GET RADIO

Eric Law, Indian affairs supervisor for the Kenora region, promised that the federal government would pay the costs of installing radio telephones on the reserves.

G. H. Bayley, assistant deputy minister of the Ontario department of lands and forests, said his minister would seriously consider extending the beaver-trapping season either on a local basis or for the province as a whole.

The final request which the council promised to endorse involved a resolution asking the Ontario government to involve the Alcoholism Research Foundation in the fight against alcoholism in the Kenora area.

ECONOMICS

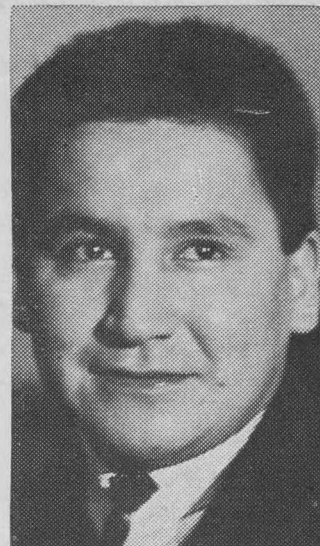
"We went into the economic aspect only," Mayor Norton said after the private meeting of local municipal and Indian representatives with federal and provincial authorities. "I have always maintained that the answer lies in the Indians leaving the reserves and integrating in our industrial society. But the chiefs said that the older Indians, at least, wanted to stay on the reserves. So we discussed ideas for improving the economic base of the reserves."

Among the ideas discussed, said Mayor Norton, were the possibilities of expansion in the pulpwood cutting, fishing, trapping, guiding, and souvenir handicraft fields. The chiefs would report the ideas raised back to their people.

"We talked about whether anyone could still build a birchbark canoe," he said. "They said some could. Well, museums want them and they have a high market value."

The mayor said that this important economic aspect, while not mentioned in the Indian brief, would be included as part of the work of the mayor's committee.

Indian spokesman Fred Kelly, who was at that time still employed by the Children's Aid Society of Kenora, said that he was "delighted to hear Mr. Bailey say he and his colleagues were here not to tell us what they were going to do but to listen to what we wanted them to do. This was a historical day when the Indian people were being listened to."



FRED KELLY

Organizer Is Given Notice

Fred Kelly, one of the Indian leaders of the march on Kenora's town council was informed the same week that he was being relieved of his \$4,000-a-year job with the Kenora Children's Aid Society effective Dec. 31.

In an interview with The Winnipeg Tribune, Mr. Kelly blamed "public pressure from the town and a high level of the provincial government" which he said had apparently been exerted on Kenora Children's Aid Society director Harold B. Treen.

Mr. Treen said the decision to give Mr. Kelly his notice after a two and one-half month probation period was entirely his own responsibility as director and had nothing to do with the Indian march.

"His work with us has been in the field of community organization, the Indian-White Committee, and research," Mr. Treen explained. "I have reason to believe from my board of directors that the society can't sponsor this kind of work indefinitely."

CASEWORK

Mr. Treen said the society's function "is a very specific one — casework. Mr. Kelly couldn't make it as a caseworker so I've told him he'd be better off to get other employment where his tremendous leadership qualities and organizational ability can be better used."

The news of Mr. Kelly's firing prompted a wave of sympathy from Indian all across Canada.

The executive of the 30,000-member National Indian Council has reacted by deciding to try to raise

Display Of Unity

—Continued from Page 3

were turning away on-time arrivals by 8 p.m. because the hall was already packed with standing on-lookers.

Mayor Norton welcomed "this rather unusual delegation... in a larger hall than usual, and it's quite full. That indicates a large interest in this brief which I just received."

The chiefs from the Mackenzie Portage, Whitefish Bay, Whitedog, Grassy Narrows, Crow Portage, Rat Portage, and Shoal Lake reserves introduced themselves.

In a clear, distinct voice, Fred Kelly, a 23-year-old Indian from Crow Portage, who was at that time working for the Kenora Children's Aid Society, began reading the brief which he said represented the voice of the Indian people of the area.

"Contrary to many rumours, we are not here to beat the drums of war, but rather to smoke the pipe of peace. But the peace we seek, unlike

—Continued on Page 7

—Continued on Page 7

THIRD MEETING

Conference For Action Scheduled

Kenora area Indian leaders and government officials agreed at their December 17 meeting that conference should be held in January to discuss detailed solutions to the problems that gave rise to the Indian protest march.

A three-man committee was set up to plan the conference, which one federal official said could be a landmark in dealing with Indian problems.

Agreement on the conference came at a meeting of representatives of Indian bands in the area with federal, Ontario and Kenora officials. It was the second such meeting since the march.

Four specific requests put forward in the brief were also discussed at the meeting in Kenora. Three of them—for a mayor's committee to deal with Indian-White relations, extension of the fur trapping season and installation of telephones on reserves without them—have been agreed upon by the government bodies involved and action was pledged on the fourth request—for alcohol education.

The January conference, for which no date was set, was proposed by the Indian representatives themselves.

It will likely bring together chiefs from the Grand Council of Treaty No. 3 with experts in the field of community development.

The Indians will try to clarify the source of their problems, and find out what types of aid are available to them. They hope, too, to learn their existing federal and provincial committee development programs.

One official of the Indian affairs

branch of the federal department of citizenship and immigration said in an interview after the meeting, "Everybody was quite elated" about the incentive the Indians showed.

Present at the meeting were immigration officials from Toronto, Winnipeg and Fort William, Ont., representatives of the Ontario de-

partments of lands and forests and health and welfare and mayors and reeves of the Kenora and surrounding municipalities.

There are about 4,000 Indians living in the Kenora area, of whom about 2,500 live on reserves represented in the Grand Council of Treaty No. 3.

Display Of Unity

—Continued from Page 6
the peace we have, is a peace based upon dignity, equality, and justice for the Indian people."

NEIGHBORS

Most of the Indians, the brief said, were of course not residents of Kenora. They came not as subjects, but as neighbors who depended so much upon the town for jobs, food, supplies and recreation. They maintained that the town had a moral responsibility to help where it could. The brief was a call to join together to attack many mutual problems.

"Our problems are so many, so varied, so intense, that we hardly know where to begin. Poverty ravages our people. Large families live in one-room hovels — no running water, no flush toilets. . . .

"One reserve school building nearby, for example, boasts an indoor flush toilet for the benefit of the white resident teacher. The Indian children continue to use the outhouse."

FEW EMPLOYED

The brief noted that few Indians in the area were regularly employed. "When you consider that about 3,000 Indians live close to Kenora, come often to Kenora, and that great numbers of them desperately need employment, how can we explain that scarcely more than a dozen have jobs in Kenora? Obviously something is terribly wrong."

The brief complained of degrading exploitation suffered by some Indians who did manage to get jobs in the area. A young Indian girl, for example, had complained of a 12-hour-a-day, seven-day-a-week schedule as a kitchen worker at a nearby tourist establishment. She was paid \$8 a day but had to pay \$5 of this for her room at the establishment where she was advised to live.

"Many of our people have complained bitterly of discrimination in Kenora business establishments. In a number of cases they have pointed out that regardless of proper conduct and decorum, they were either denied service or they were given insolent treatment."

In discussing the lack of telephone service in many reserves, the brief blamed the death of an Indian woman after she gave birth to a child on the fact that medical atten-

tion could not be made available because there was no telephone.

The brief said that there was a month between the legal ending of the trapping season and the legal beginning of the fishing season, and asked what the Indians were supposed to do in the interval.

"We deeply resent the welfare cheque solution. We want to earn our income, not beg for it."

NO WONDER

It was no wonder that so many Indians turned to alcohol. They drank for the same reason that so many other people do — frustration. But for the Indian the frustrations were far greater than with most other people. And the non-Indian community showed a greater measure of responsibility for the conditions that led to Indian alcoholism.

"And what happens to our local Indian alcoholics? Kenora's solution is jail. When Indians get drunk, they get locked up. We demand treatment, not imprisonment. With no expert help, with the same conditions to return to, jail contributes nothing to the problem."

After making the four specific requests, the Indians said, "it is obvious that this brief has not requested Kenora's money. It is asking only for Kenora's time and commitment . . .

"Clearly the adoption of the recommendations would mark only the beginning. However, such initiative undertaken by the town of Kenora would give our people more hope than they have experienced in other generations."

LATER

After the meeting, Mayor Norton told reporters he thought the meeting had served a purpose in letting the Indian people come and stand up and talk.

"But the biggest problem is having reserves in the first place," he said. "The eventual solution is integration in our industrial society. The problem is basically economic, only partially one of color."

Mr. Kelly said after the meeting that "the mayor's attitude tonight is the first ray of hope I have seen from the town council or the town's people with the exception of Indian-white committee members."

Organizer Kelly Given Notice

—Continued from Page 6
money to allow Mr. Kelly to keep up his work with Indians in the Kenora area.

The council announced the day after Mr. Kelly's dismissal became public it would organize a benefit show in the Montreal Forum to keep the 23-year-old father of two in the Kenora area.

Duke Redbird, a vice-president of the council, said the show would probably be held early in the new year.

Secretary of the Indian Council, Marion Meadmore of Winnipeg said preliminary target would be \$1,500 — enough to support Mr. Kelly for two months and to pay some extra expenses.

The action by the Indian council had arisen from a visit by the council's president to the Kenora area the previous week, Mrs. Meadmore said. He had endorsed the Indian movement and had pledged help.

PORTRAIT OF

HAROLD

CARDINAL

Photos by
Chuck Ross

John Patrick Gillese tells the
of Harold Cardinal, from Alb
Sucker Creek Indian Reserve,
attended St. Francis Xavier High S
in Edmonton. The young man's
belie the mature grasp of a l



Harold's father was chief of the Sucker Creek Indian band for some years. Harold was president of the Student Council of Edmonton's St. Francis Xavier Composite High School. The Student Council was in actual session when this photo was taken. Gavel points to Colleen Gibbons, treasurer.

HAROLD CARDINAL was 17 years old last fall when he was taking his Grade 11 at St. Francis Xavier High School in Edmonton. He was not in the woods, to tend his line. The pension he got in those days was sufficient to keep life in an old man, hence the woods. When, after a considerable interval, he died back, Harold Cardinal went in search of him. The old man curled up under a blanket," Harold tells. "It was only the resemblance to a fire close by. He was covered by a blanket."

The elder Cardinal took the old Cree back to his home at Sucker Creek Reserve, northwest of Edmonton. He nursed him back to health with gratitude, the old man's prophecy.

Prior to this incident, the Cardinals had lost several children before birth. The death of the Great Depression was behind, either—on the other hand, elsewhere, things had changed.

"Because you were young," the old Indian told Cardinal's father, "you had to change." To his mother, he said, "The child you are about to will live."

When Harold Cardinal was born today, you become a part of the ancient past.

ells the story
m Alberta's
eserve, who
r High School
man's looks
of a leader.

CARDINAL, 20
old last spring, was
Grade XII at St.
ier High School in
e was not born that
e old Cree went into
o tend his poor trap-
usion the old Indians
days was not suf-
p life in the body of
hence the trip into
hen, after a reason-
l, he did not come
d Cardinal's father
ch of him. "He found
curled up in one thin
old tells you. "There
e resemblance of a
He was so still, the
covered with snow."
Cardinal brought the
x to his home on the
x Reserve (250 miles
f Edmonton) and
back to health. In his
e old man made a
is incident, the Car-
ost several children
The days of the
ssion were not far
c—on the Reserve, as
ings had been tough.
ou were good to me,"
an told Harold Car-
er, "your luck will
his mother, he said:
ou are about to have
old Cardinal tells you
ou become conscious
ancient tribal beliefs

and incidents still play in the lives of the Canadian Indians. The Sucker Creek band is completely Catholic, and there is not even the slightest feeling of superstition in Harold Cardinal's voice when he recalls this "prophecy." As far as he is concerned, the half-dead old Indian had invoked God's blessing on his family—and God answered.

"When I was born, it was by Caesarian birth — but I made out okay. Then, during my infancy, I had measles — the bad kind." The attack of measles was so bad, the doctors held no hope for young Cardinal's recovery — especially when he caught cold and complications set in.

"My parents took me home from the hospital," Harold relates, "and sent for an Indian medicine man."

"Was he a Catholic, too?"

"He was! Through the administering of certain herbs, I guess he worked what even the doctors thought was a miracle. They definitely had no hope for my recovery..."

The boy talking to me hopes, soon now, to become a leader of his people. In that light, if no other, what he feels, remembers, believes, is important — not only to him, but to his Woods Crees — his people — and inevitably to the whole Canadian mosaic. I met him through a talk he was invited to give to our Knights of Columbus council, wherein he outlined at least some of those thoughts and hopes.

IT MIGHT be safe to say that not too many white boys in Grade XII can quote with any fluency from any charter of human rights. Harold Cardinal, however, can tell you a great deal about a study on such rights, particularly as they apply to the Canadian Indian, published recently by the Ontario Human Rights Commission.

He scarcely needs the Report of that Commission to tell you that if you are a Canadian Indian today, you are three times more likely to lose your children at birth, than if you are white; 80 times less likely to have modern plumbing; five times more likely to go to jail; have to raise your family on less than \$2,000 a year — more likely on less than \$1,000 a year; be considered a poor economic unit in the overall Canadian social picture; and spend most of your life behind "the buckskin curtain" — even if you leave the Reserve.

The Report, however, is more convincing to his white audience — who usually have as little true conception of what life is really like on an Indian reserve as has the Indian of life in a white world.

Harold Cardinal, for instance, picked up statistics that, if liter-



ally true, would paint an incredible picture of affluence for white Canadians and, by sheer contrast, paint an incredible picture of poverty for Indians.

"Over 16 percent of Indian families in Canada live in one-room shacks, against 8 percent of non-Indian families in similar communities," he told the Knights of Columbus meeting. "Only 43.9 percent of Indian families have electricity, against the non-Indians' 98.6 percent. Only 13.3 percent of Indian homes have running water against the non-Indians' 92.4 percent."

Now these statistics, as this young Indian boy will ultimately learn, can be made to do strange tricks. For example, there are thousands of Canadian families cramped into dank basement rooms — because they cannot afford homes. The entire community in which I was raised — a bare quarter of a century ago — had no indoor plumbing, either; and even today, in many parts of Canada, "running water" means water carried to an upstairs tank and "running down" to the kitchen by gravity.

As I talked to Harold Cardinal, I found little difference between his early days on the farm and the boyhood of many people that

I know today. My friends also have bitter memories of the depression—and some of them saw their parents legally evicted from the land they themselves had cleared.

"The drop-out rate in education," Harold will tell you, "is, to a large extent, caused by bad housing. Most Indian children have no quiet place to do homework, only lamplight to work by, no table or desk, no means of keeping himself clean." Quite obviously in this young Indian leader's imagination, white children have all these things. Yet, the truth is, most people reading this paper did their homework by a coal oil lamp or hissing gas-lantern, on a round kitchen table, with father and mother separating the milk nearby—this, at least for those who came from farms. Many of those raised in cities had a table or desk, courtesy of the corner grocery store, which gave away orange and apple crates.

Most city-raised youngsters, admittedly had facilities for taking a bath or shower; but in the country as yet, there are many areas where fully 75 percent of white children take a bath in a mail-order tub in winter — and in the creek in summer.

—Continued on Page 10

HAROLD CARDINAL

—Continued from Page 9

None of this, of course, detracts from the overall validity of young Cardinal's arguments. The standard of living of his Indian people is infinitely below that of today's white Canadians; and overlooking the youthful error of relying too readily on statistics, his goal in life remains valid: to raise his people—better still, to let them raise themselves—to the white man's level, so that, for better or for worse, they are Canadians on the same level!

HAROLD CARDINAL is very aware that "the buckskin curtain" divides the two at the present time—and it is that curtain that causes some of his misconceptions. (In some instances, however, his realization of the abject poverty of the Indians is justified.)

On the Sucker Creek Reserve, his father farmed a quarter-section even back in the depression days. Life for the Cardinal family was not unlike life anywhere else on a bush-country farm—except for that "curtain," of course.

"Mom and Dad cleared the land with an axe," Harold tells you. And while his dad talked of "some pretty hard times" prior to 1945, Harold Cardinal was unable to provide me with any bitter memories of real economic hardship. Life on the Reserve was a bit restrictive; but at threshing time, for instance, the Cardinals would borrow their white neighbor's threshing machine, just as if they were homesteading neighbors anywhere in Alberta.

One thing Harold Cardinal does remember: though the Indians would work off and on, as need dictated, on the white men's farms adjacent to the Reserve, there was no social rapport whatsoever. Significantly, where something like this has made a special impression on Harold's mind, his thinking on the subject is almost startling in its maturity.

"The deplorable conditions under which most of our Indian citizens live has produced a high rate of delinquency," he points out. "Any community which continues to suffer from unemployment, bad housing, low level of education—and lack of positive forms of recreation—erupts with anti-social attitudes." He stresses this social factor with intensity. Recreation and proper social life build up the morale not only of individuals, but of communities. When there is no positive program—and there is none, he says,

on Indian Reserves—people substitute a negative social program: liquor, sexual delinquency among the younger people, etc.

LIKE MANY of the boys of the Sucker Creek Reserve, Harold Cardinal attended the all-Indian residential school, run largely by Sisters in his early years, then staffed more and more with lay people. Mrs. A. Wilke, one of the teachers, influenced Harold to work hard for the maximum education. Mrs. Wilke was a nurse among the Indian people.

Some of the boys quit school in the shortest possible time—in part, Harold thinks, because of the "dictatorial attitude" of the residential school. I suggested to him that all residential schools must have something of a dictatorial atmosphere—I also suggested that the boys, like many white boys I knew a generation ago, would have quit anyway.

Even Harold admits the possibility that education is more than a matter of legislation and opportunity. On an Indian Reserve, it obviously has psychological overtones that would never occur to us to consider. The band is a group. Group pressure is strong. It is sometimes easier to be a mediocre member of the group than to try to become something better—a leader of your people, for instance. If you fail, the penalty of failure is greater—so great that it keeps many a young Indian from trying.

Frank Cardinal, Harold's dad, had about a Grade One education. (His mother went to Grade Four.) Frank Cardinal was a chief from 1945 to 1951. Both parents encouraged Harold to "complete your education." In education, he—and they—see the hope of the future.

A few—very few—of the Indian youths broke trail before Harold. One girl became a registered nurse and worked in the Charles Camsell hospital for native peoples. Two other girls—same family, incidentally—completed commercial courses.

When he finished his Grade Ten in the North, Harold made the great psychological decision. He would go to an integrated school—in Edmonton. If everything went well, he would become a lawyer—and dedicate his life to the welfare of his people.

He can talk to you of the Indians' past—and he has weighed the differences these social and cultural backgrounds have created in the Indians' struggle as a people today.

He knows the early history of the Reserves, when the govern-

ment did so much to encourage self-initiative. He quotes Sir John A. MacDonald, in 1881: "There is no doubt that the proper sentiment to inculcate among Indians is one of self-reliance." Likewise he quotes the hope of the government of the day when, in 1889, the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs discussed the endeavors being made "from year to year to elevate the redman and place him on a social and intellectual level with his white brothers".

WHAT WENT wrong? Many things, according to young Harold—and presumably according to Harold's people, for the "the one thing special" he and his parents have is their ability to sit down together and talk of their hopes for their people.

Initiative was stifled. The goal of self-reliance seemed to be replaced by one of subservience.

Treaty responsibilities were taken less lightly. "No longer were the Reserves considered to be lands given to our people forever in a solemn pact. During the five years following 1908, votes were then forced upon the Indians, and, through ignorance, subtle threats and pressures, the government obtained Indian approval to dispose of almost 100,000 acres of Indian land in Alberta. During these years, insufficient funds were voted for the education and training of our people or to give proper welfare assistance.

"However, by forcing the surrender and wholesale leasing of Indian lands, money was obtained and trust funds established. These trust funds saved the government hundreds of thousands of dollars which it would have spent on the reserves and it bore no lasting advantage for the people."

Changes in the Indian act in 1914 and 1918 caused the situation to deteriorate still further, Harold tells you. For one thing, it was an offence for Indians to participate in stampedes without permission. A band's capital funds could be spent even if the band refused approval. Their attitude could be considered "detrimental to the progress or welfare of the bands."

Granting of the franchise to Indians, with encouragement to leave the band, was of no permanent value, either—largely because the Indians were ill-educated and ill-prepared to live outside the Reserve.

THERE IS NO bitterness in Harold Cardinal's recital of what went wrong between the white men and the Indians in these later years. True, he is

—Concluded on Page 14



FATHER BROWN

Imagine the first missionary in the Rochester N.Y., area living among a small band of the Iroquois at the outlet of Irondequoit Bay. Imagine this small band dispersing during the hunting and trapping seasons to Niagara Falls on the West, the Thousand Islands to the East and the South end of the Finger Lakes to the South, and their missionary Father following them around to these camps during the winter.

This is exactly the situation here at Our Lady of the Snows Mission, above the Arctic Circle in the Northwest Territories, Canada.

About the middle of last May I started out again by dogs to make my last winter visits to the camps to the north of here. Unfortunately deep snows made me turn back after breaking trail in snowshoes ahead of the dogs across Colville Lake.

On the 26th of May I again set out, the snow

melted down somewhat, although it was still a foot or two deep in places where it had drifted on the ice. Where the snow had blown thin and the

FIGHTS BACK

sun could act on the ice surface below, it had begun to 'candle'. This means that the surface of the ice becomes needle-sharp and a real menace to the dogs' feet, especially the young ones. It is during this season that the dogs' feet are put in moccasins to protect them from the ice. They don't need shoes if they are working over ground. It is during this time every year that the sun barely skims along the horizon at midnight and soon stays in the sky 24 hours a day. This is the famous 'midnight sun'.

Travelling only at night this season of the year because it is cooler for the dogs when the sun is lower and the surface snow is more apt to be

frozen, I crossed the lake the first night and made camp at a creek-mouth called "Bekadu". Making camp at this season simply means curling up in a blanket near a small fire. The dogs are chained out separately and fed raw frozen fish. After this first night's run the feet of the three pups, Starbuck, Nevada and Spook were already badly cut and bleeding. I had no shoes for them with me, not expecting the ice to be candled already.

Anyway, that evening I again harnessed up and set out northward, resting the dogs as often as I could and finally arrived at the tents of Eschaley's camp. I found nine women and children plus an old blind man keeping the camp while the men were away a few nights, hunting beaver. Everyone was busy stretching hides and drying caribou meat into a kind of "jerky" for summer use. Before I rolled in my blanket I gave them a tarpaulin I was using to cover my sled and asked them to make shoes for the dogs out of it while I slept. Awakened the evening of the 27th, I got busy building an altar in the main tent. After confessions, (during which I used a long stick to keep stray dogs out), I offered the Holy

Sacrifice and everyone received. Then we all ate and afterwards I harnessed my seven white huskies to my Indian-type toboggan leaving the

IN THE

heavy Eskimo komatic behind as there were portages ahead.

I experienced some trouble getting under way as the younger dogs were not used to wearing

CRUEL NORTH

shoes and kept trying to untie them with their teeth. Only by putting on their shoes last and starting immediately could I get them used to running in them.

With midnight came the great feast of Corpus Christi and I was anxious to reach the main camp of the Hare-skins, where the chief Beargrease resided, to offer Mass on this feast.

Now the lake narrowed down and split into channels around numerous islands. There was some open water where the current was stronger, and the first ducks, geese and swans to come north were crowded into these small landing areas. The young dogs wanted to get at them and only a good leader prevented them from swerving off the ice and into the water. Soon we reached the rapids and were forced to portage into the bush. The old trail was running a foot of water, in places blocked by fallen trees, in some places descending steeply to the edge of the river and following the ledge ice that still clung to its banks.

Our first "baptism" of the evening occurred when the trail, following along the river's edge, suddenly ended at the water's edge and Mohawk, the lead dog, plunged in without hesitation and swam along the bank in four feet of water until he again found the trail, while I wrestled frantically trying to keep the sled afloat. I noticed one thing right away. This spring run-off water was cold.

Soon we were careening along a narrow ledge of ice overhanging the river. My brake was useless on this glare ice which had a slight tip toward the roaring waters. Instead of crowding close to the bank to keep from slipping in, the young pups, attracted by all the wildfowl and an occasional muskrat and beaver, ran as close to the edge of the ice as they could, howling merrily. When I spotted a tree frozen in the ice ahead I saw my

chance to stop the team. Putting on a "rough log" (coils of rope around the sled to act as a brake), I went up ahead and took

—Continued on P. 12

FATHER BROWN FIGHTS BACK

Continued from P. 11
hold of the lead dog's traces and walked beside him to slow the pace. In spite of this precaution and before I could do anything to prevent it, the sled with its precious cargo plunged off the edge of the ice and into the rapids behind me pulling the wheel dog over the edge with it. The sudden tremendous pull on the traces dragged me and the rest of the team backwards to the edge of the brink. The huskies sensed the emergency and dug their toenails into the ice. I jumped into the river and unharnessed Wencho, the wheel dog, and let him swim for it. The sled was rapidly sinking and, moreover, had been carried under the overhanging ice and was held there by the pressure of the water. Nothing to do but cut the lashings and throw what I could salvage up onto the ice six feet over my head. I saw my parka and movie camera float out of sight.

Only when the sled was empty of its seven hundred pounds of freight was I able to get the dogs to pull it up onto the ice. By this time I had been in the water nearly a half-hour and everything I had salvaged had frozen to the ice, while I felt slightly frozen myself. Luckily the waterproof vial of matches I always carry in my breast pocket was there in the emergency and I lost no time in running up into the sparse spruce of the river bank with my ax and getting a fire going. The temperature was just above zero.

It took about three hours to dry out and assess the damage. Most of my gear was either lost in the rapids or ruined by the water. Worst of all, the Mass kit was rendered unusable and therefore the very purpose of this trip was defeated. But with wet blankets and all the grub destroyed I was forced to go on to the next camp whether I wanted to or not. I gathered up my rifle, ax and snowshoes and harnessed three dogs. The

other four I turned loose. Edging gingerly along the ice shelf we made it without mishap through the rapids and arrived at the next lake, Kitaniatue, as the new day's sun was clearing the ridge to the south. And there in the open water at the head of the lake floated my film tin with the movie camera among a flock of swans who were circling it with interest. I tied the dogs, cut the longest willow I could find and walked out on the rotting ice. Even after last night the idea of getting wet again didn't deter me from the risk involved in retrieving that precious camera. After a few jittery moments I was back on the shore at the sled with the valuable watertight four-gallon tin. Now to catch the four loose dogs and get them into harness. They were a half mile up ahead in an open pool swimming gaily after a muskrat. It took an hour to lure them back to the sled and catch them one by one.

I finally got under way across another great expanse of ice, shimmering under a brilliant sun, (a time to guard against the dreaded "Rakon" or sun-blindness when the sun's reflection off the ice is so powerful). During the night's adventures the dogs had either worn through or lost their new shoes which ordinarily last for about 25 miles. The poor pups' feet were trailing a stream of crimson on the snow behind us. But I felt confident that we should soon reach the main camp at Kitania, or the "Narrows". In fact when we were still five miles out I expected my dogs to hear the Indian dogs' howls and to perk up their ears. Now I was sure I could see several tents on the side of the island. We got closer and closer and still no sign of life, no smoke, no howling dogs, nobody! At last I found out the bitter truth. There was no camp there at all. I had mistaken patches of snow for tents. These Indians had struck their tents days before and trails led

away from the abandoned campsite in all directions. I stopped to rest the dogs. They were panting furiously. The pups licked their sore feet. I thought of the feast of Corpus Christi and how it was turning out as I rolled a cigarette.

Nothing to do but go on. No use turning back to a soggy eiderdown and another sleepless night. We kept on right down the middle of the lake following an old trail. After several hours and no sign of life it forked and we stopped. I was faced with a decision that could be crucial. Turn left or right or turn back? Why go on towards an uncertain camp of migrating Indians who may even then have been on the march toward some even farther undetermined campsite? If I missed them in the direction I was going, I could keep on for weeks deep into Eskimo territory until I finally reached the Arctic Ocean. There was no one in that vast territory. Pretty soon, even if I did want to retrace my trail back to my midnight camp, the dogs would be crippled from the needle ice and unable to travel themselves, let alone pull me. These thoughts ran through my head as we rested out there in the middle of that frozen and desolate lake, the panting of the dogs jingling the bells on their harness.

I decided to fire two shots from the rifle on the chance that someone would be within earshot. The volleys echoed back from the empty shores. I waited. The dogs had stopped breathing. The pups laid their heads on the ice and whimpered.

Bang!

An answering shot from way ahead to the right at the end of the lake. The dogs heard it too and we were away at a gallop.

After another hour we were coming in among numerous islands at the end of this lake. The ice was black in places, a sure sign of advanced melting and treacherous going. I again fired a shot and got an answer about a mile away to our

left. We changed direction and soon saw two figures on a hilltop. The dogs soon caught the scent of the Indian dogs and picked up speed and we came off the ice and up into the camp in a burst of speed that belied our real condition.

It was not the Chief Beargrease's camp. He had gone west from the abandoned camp we passed earlier in the morning. Here were only two families Alphonse, who fired the shot, and Jigeh. They talked of nothing but the unsafe condition of the ice. They said they had stopped using their sleds on the ice two days previously. They pointed to old graves out on the island. It was not a place to push your luck.

I was interested in nothing but eating and Baptistine cooked me a young beaver that tasted like roast turkey. I was soon fast asleep.

I woke up about ten that night, hungrier than ever. The natives wanted to know when I would offer the Mass. I had to tell them that this time the Rosary would have to suffice as the altar bread was at the bottom of the river and the Mass vestments were hanging on the spruce trees along the big portage twenty-five miles back. Anyway, we made that a very solemn Rosary with each one taking his turn to lead a decade and the missionary giving a little homily in between. I prayed for strong ice on my trail all the way back to Our Lady of the Snows mission.

And now there was only an hour left of the great feast of Corpus Christi and time to harness and be moving while the sun was low and the temperature cool. Seventeen-year old Olawi volunteered to risk his neck and team to see me back safely across the portage and help carry some of my wet load.

We were rattling over the ice in good style about midnight when a cool fog rolled up the lake making distant ob-

Concluded on P. 15



IN SPAIN children have awaited the arrival of the Three Kings on Jan. 6, feast of the Epiphany, in contrast to the custom elsewhere of Santa Claus' visit on Christmas Eve. Traditional names of the Three Wise Men who visited the Christ Child at Bethlehem are Gaspar, Melchior and Balthasar.

Education Marred By Apathy

—Continued from Page 5
and fears were expressed that the Indians would retard the progress of white children.

At the beginning of last year there were 39 Indians at the Dominion City Collegiate and adjoining elementary school. By the end of the year seven had dropped out.

When the problem arose, the school board asked the Indian Affairs department to limit the number of Indians in any one classroom.

There was apparently no formal agreement made to limit the number, and accounts vary as to what was entailed. The chairman of the Dominion City school board, Lorne Ramsey, says it was agreed that never more than one-quarter of the class should be Indian. The principal of the school and Indian Affairs department officials say the ratio agreed on was one Indian to four whites.

ENROLMENT 28

This did not necessarily mean the integration program would be interrupted. It called for 45 Indians to attend Dominion City Collegiate and Elementary School. This would have been not quite one-fifth of the total enrolment of the combined high and elementary school.

But when the school year began, only 28 Indian children enrolled at Dominion City.

Furthermore, most of the 28 were again concentrated in Grades 1, 2, and 3. This would have meant that in Grade 1 almost half the class was Indian.

The school principal wrote to the Indian Affairs branch asking that 8 to 10 Indian students be withdrawn. Subsequently, seven were either withdrawn or left voluntarily. Their departure meant that there was less of a concentration of Indians in the lower grades. But the

desired ratio has not been attained.

In face of the worsening education situation on the reserve several new moves are being pondered. These are:

- The Indian Affairs branch has been negotiating with Altona school authorities to begin integrating Indian children into schools there next year. Altona is 17 miles from the Roseau River Reserve.

- The Dominion City school board will consider building a joint school to accommodate children from both the town and reserve. The Indian Affairs branch has offered to share the capital cost in proportion to the number of Indian students who would attend. The school board is now paid a per capita grant by the branch for each Indian attending the school.

REFERENDUM PASSED

Since the passing of the referendum—Continued on Page 14

HAROLD CARDINAL

—Continued from Page 10
mindful of his people's past—and will quote Pauline Johnson to remind us:

They but forgot we Indians
owned the land,

From ocean unto ocean; that
they stand

Upon the soil that centuries
agone

Was our sole kingdom and
Our right alone.

"In Canada, there are over 200,000 registered Indians, plus two or three hundred thousand persons of Indian ancestry not registered." Harold's concern is with the Treaty Indians, though undoubtedly any improvement in their lot would automatically be reflected in the lot of all.

It is when he speaks of what he would like to see done that the boy from the buckskin Reserve fades away and a mature young Indian leader comes into focus.

He would like to see a sort of "Peace Corps" with the same objective as the U.S. Peace Corps, only directed to domestic conditions in Canada. It would be a federal-provincial effort; and it would work both in Indian and Metis communities. Its personnel

would be highly-trained experts and advisers in all spheres of community living.

Social-wise, a recreation director would build up a program of positive recreation in the community.

There would be an agricultural expert—a type who would live on the Reserve and teach the people the best and most efficient methods of farming.

There would be experts in administration, to guide the economy of the bands and Indian communities. Most Band Councils are poor administrative bodies, Harold Cardinal states—mostly because they are unskilled in administrative work.

"The governments may pour millions of dollars into Indian-Metis community development," Harold says, "but without education of the people, it is millions of dollars down the drain. It is not fair to the white taxpayer—and, in the long run, of little use to the Indian.

"We want to take our rightful place in Canadian society, so that, alongside our fellow Canadians, we can mold a country which we can proudly acclaim as ours."

EDUCATION IS the only key, Harold Cardinal says.

To that end, he made the long journey from his father's home on the Sucker Creek Reserve to the bus stop—and hence to Edmonton. The government found him a private residence with a non-Indian family, who "made me feel as part of their family." He got his books paid for, \$8.00 a month spending money, a clothing allowance of \$50 a year. The Indian Affairs Branch will continue to pay for his education until Harold Cardinal himself decides it is time to stop.

In winter he wore a pair of moosehide moccasins, colorful with beautiful beadwork—a gift of his mother's two years ago. Once a week he wrote home. On long weekends he went home.

He was the first Indian boy ever to be elected president of St. Francis Xavier Students' Union Council. It is also safe to say he was the first member of the Sucker Creek Indian band ever to address a Knights of Columbus meeting in Edmonton.

Ahead lies the long road towards a lawyer's degree—and the help that will really count for his people.

For encouragement he remembers an old French-Canadian missionary priest that he saw years ago when his parents took him down to the residential school to

visit his brothers and sisters. "He was regarded as a very saintly person, that old priest. Before we left, he took me on his knees and gave me his personal blessing. I was only five or six, but I was impressed—for he forecast a successful future for me."

Sometimes when he's away, Harold Cardinal misses the Sucker Creek Reserve. Always, he misses his own people. But most of all, he misses his parents.

"Some days," he says, "you can't help meditating, as you watch your fellow students go across the street. They're home! And yet, you know what? So many of them never realize how lucky they are." • • •

Education Marred By Apathy

—Continued from Page 13
dum to make the area surrounding Dominion City a school division, control of the high school has passed to a division board, as have plans for elementary classrooms.

• A committee of federal and provincial government officials, representatives of social agencies and religious groups and others interested in the reserve has been set up to try to improve conditions on the reserve generally.

• There is talk of installing a community development officer on the reserve.

• The Indian Affairs branch has adopted the policy of encouraging Indians who leave the reserve to work on farms in the spring to stay off the reserve. It is hoped that by arranging to support such families elsewhere during the winter their children will have access to better schooling.

But Mr. Daggitt concedes that neither of these two efforts will likely change the situation this year. Since both the integration proposals are long-range plans, Indian children will probably continue to miss school or suffer from the absenteeism of others as they are now for the rest of the year.

OUR APOLOGIES

On behalf of Mr. Leigh J. Coop, former executive director of the Canadian Lay Missionaries, we would like to apologize to the teachers of Alberta's Northland School Division No. 61, for a statement made by him in "Our Own Civil Rights Issue" which appeared in our December 1965 issue, page 15. We retract the words "the only teachers available—were pagans." The school division superintendent, Mr. Sabey, has informed us on Dec. 19, that "the teachers—were of good Christian faith and possessed a good deal of moral excellence." Editor.



Harold, with classmate, is seen here in moccasins made by his mother.

Jubilee Celebrated On Blood Reserve

Solemnity and festivity distinguished the celebration for Father Yvon Levaque of his twenty-fifth anniversary as a priest.

On December 8th the Oblate Fathers, the staff and children of St. Mary's School on the Blood Reserve, and many friends, gathered around Father Levaque for the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at St. Mary's Parish church. Father Maurice Lafrance, O.M.I., pastor of St. Albert, Alberta, formerly Provincial of the Oblates, and predecessor to Father Levaque as Principal of St. Mary's School, delivered the sermon in which the dignity and sanctity of the priesthood was the key note. In recognizing the blessing of God in an individual priest, we honour every priest who has freely taken upon his shoulders the yoke of Jesus Christ.

The religious celebration was followed by a gala reception in the school gymnasium. Pupils of St. Mary's entertained with a sparkling programme of singing, dancing, marching, choral recitation and acting. Highlights in the life of Father Levaque were presented in tableaux vivants. Children from 5 years to 16 years old took part in the programme, and won praise and applause for themselves and for their teachers. The entire student body honoured Father Levaque with two jubilee songs, arranged especially for the occasion, to the melody of "Silver Bells", and the "Bells of St. Mary's".

Father Levaque was ordained a priest in 1940 by Bishop Langlois, O.M.I., in the chapel of the University of Ottawa.

His first assignment was Fort Nelson, B.C., an isolated mission in the Grouard Vicariate. In order to reach Fort Nelson, Father had to wait for winter snow. He helped out at Fort Vermilion and Hay Lakes, Alta., during the Fall of 1941, until time for his first visit to Fort Nelson, 435 miles away by dog team. There he found an abandoned church and during his nine years at this mission, he built three churches for the Slavey and Beaver Indians at Fort Nelson and Prophet River, in British Columbia.

In addition to his apostolate with the Indians, Father Levaque was named Chaplain for the U.S. Army troops who were then building the Alaska Highway. He had 53 camps to visit each month. In 1950, Father Levaque followed the directive of Bishop Coudert of Whitehorse and joined the Air Force as Chaplain. He was first stationed at Rockcliffe, Ont., then at Goose Bay, Labrador. As Chaplain of the 426th Squadron, Father flew 8 missions to Japan and Korea, ministering to the wounded and dying soldiers of the Korean War. In 1952 he was stationed at Lachine, Que., as Command Chaplain of the Air Transport Command. In 1954, Father was transferred to Edmonton, Alta., as Command Chaplain of Tactical Air Command, with the Alaska Highway as his jurisdiction. On the eve of being assigned



FATHER LEVAQUE

Command Chaplain for the occupation troops in Germany in 1955, Bishop Coudert, who was in need of him, recalled him to the Vicariate of Whitehorse. He retired from the Royal Canadian Air Force with the rank of Squadron Leader and received the United Nations decoration for his service in the Korean War.

From 1955 to 1963, Father was Principal of the Lower Post Indian Residential School in Northern B.C.

He worked for the improvement of all the educational facilities for the Indian children. One of his projects which received much publicity was the "Operation Reindeer". Each year, at Christmas, the Lions Club of Prince George and the U.S.A.F. joined together to bring Christmas joy to the children of Ather's school. Flying to Lower Post with a plane and crew borrowed from the Tacoma Air Force base, the party enjoyed the entertainment and company of the Indian children.

—Concluded on Page 12

FATHER BROWN FIGHTS BACK

Continued from P. 12

jects hazy. One distant, hazy object up ahead became increasingly life-like. It was big and black and very near our trail. Soon the dogs scented it too and pricked up their ears. We were close enough to see it was a Barren Land grizzly out of hibernation and most likely looking for his first good meal of the summer. We pressed the attack, unable to stop our dogs even if we wanted to as they are unmanageable on glare ice when they scent game.

At 200 yards we commenced firing. The bear was hit and started to climb the bank. Olawi was for following him, but I knew it was not only dangerous but we would be forced to travel

again during the heat of the following day. We left the bear and kept on to the open river. This time, however, instead of following the narrowing ledge of ice, we followed the winter portage trail that was practically impassable since the snow had gone down exposing all sorts of windfall that caught the dogs' harness, tore the sled wrapper and cut our mukluks. It was tough going but safe. We arrived at my camp and picked up my gear and clothing spread around to dry. Most of it was frozen stiff yet.

About five the next morning we got into Eschaley's camp exhausted. The hunters were back and all listened eagerly to the previous night's adventures. They said they would have gone

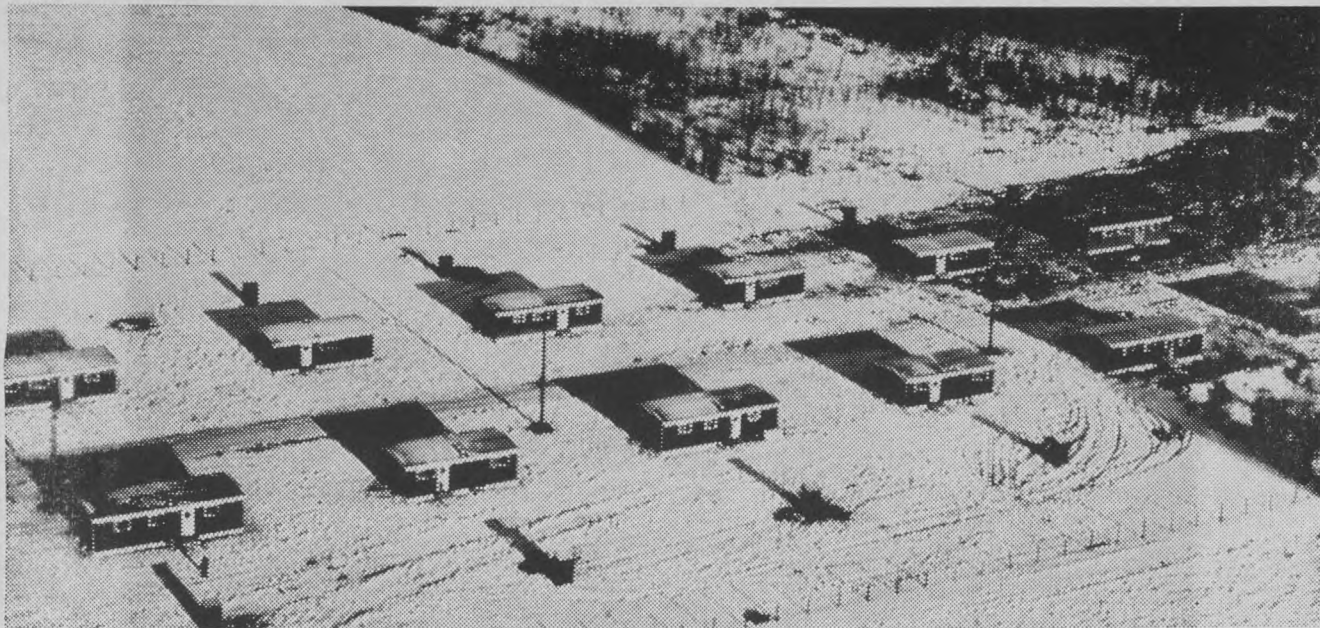
with me if they had been there when I passed.

When I awoke that evening it was beginning to freeze again and time to hit the trail. Olawi returned north over that hectic portage to trail the wounded bear alone. I gave him a pair of wool socks to change to when he got through the water and back on his frozen lake. I harnessed my dogs to the big Eskimo runner sled and put the toboggan—what was left of it—on top and packed my outfit inside. I had no more canvass to make shoes for the dogs and hide was scarce so the dogs would simply have to tough thirty more miles of torture for their poor feet. We did stop a few times, but we kept in the middle of the lake and never made fire. The

sun rose at one o'clock to cast long shadows behind us. It also lit up our red track left by twenty-eight bleeding pads. I tried to ignore it and shouted encouraging words.

At four that morning we arrived back at the mission. I had new respect for my team as I chained them out promising no work now until September. Cora who had been left behind, was our sole greeter. She had seven pups during our absence. I carried an armful of wood into the mission and lit a fire. Then I took my wet, frozen mukluks off and lit a cigar and looked out at that shimmering ice. Corpus Christi this year was not what I planned, but still, a memorable feast.

—Oblate Missions



Emergency Housing For Flood Victims

Houses provided for Indian and Metis victims of Alberta's Slave Lake floods.

Twelve Indian and Metis families affected by the 1965 flooding conditions at Slave Lake are occupying new houses, provided under an emergency program financed through the Alberta Commercial Corporation, Department of Industry and Development.

The program was instituted following appeals for assistance by the Ksepegamau Housing Co-operative Ltd. at Slave Lake. All 12 of the transportable housing units have been located temporarily on a five acre site outside the town limits.

Under the program, tenants rent the units from the co-operative, which is responsible for management of the modern, low-rental accommodations.

Each unit contains two or four bedrooms with a central living and dining area, providing a total living space of about 600 square feet. The homes are equipped with a combination oil cooking and heating stove.

Total cost of the project was approximately \$58,000. This included purchase of the site, the units, construction of an access road, clearing and fencing.

The temporary location was provided by the Commercial Corporation under a one year license granted by the Department of Municipal Affairs. At the expiry of the permit the houses are to be moved. Occupants have the opportunity of purchasing the units through the existing rental-purchase agreement between the housing co-operative and the Corporation, provided the homes are moved to a permanent site. Otherwise, the corporation has the option of disposing of the units or transferring them to other areas.

Gift For Honorary Chief

Highlight of a social evening at Wikwemikong on Ontario's Manitoulin Island, Nov. 27, was the presentation of a beautiful handmade deerskin jacket to Dr. J. Bailey of Little Current in recognition of his help and kind interest from those who have received his medical services. Mrs. Margaret Fox spoke of Dr. Bailey's interest in the welfare of the Indian people.

In 1961 Dr. Bailey was initiated as an honorary chieftain in the Wikwemikong Band and given the Indian name of Gai-Sheyongia, meaning "Swift Wings."

The presentation party was held at the home of Mrs. Rosemary Fisher.

During the "Gift Dance," which was portrayed by a group of 14 young girls and boys, gifts were presented to Dr. Bailey and to others; to Mrs. J. F. Bailey, an Indian quill box containing beaded necklace and matching beaded tie belt; to Peter and Jeffrey Bailey, deerskin jackets similar to their father's jacket.

Included among the guests were chief and Mrs. John Wakegijig. The deerskin jackets were made by Mrs. Angeline Trudeau. They were lined with ultra soft deerskin and trimmed with fringe. The seams were joined with leather lacing and the collar of the jacket also featured the natural lacing. Following the gift dance, Dr. Bailey donned his Indian headdress of red and yellow, trimmed with black feathers to take part in the Friendship Dance.

Mr. Cecil King spoke of Dr. Bailey's dedication to healing people. He said "we graciously thank you for all you have done for us. Your

healing art is something which we can never be able to repay. At least in this presentation, we are giving you a gift which is deep rooted in our culture, of which you have shown such an appreciative interest."

Entertainment during the evening was provided by Wilfred Shawanda, 1965 Champion Indian dancer, who gave several solo exhibitions; he is an Odawa Indian who attended school in Manitoba. Dance music was provided by Wikwemikong people led by Ron Wakegijig.

Fr. Levaque

—Concluded from Page 15

A new assignment came in 1963, when Father Levaque transferred from Lower Post to St. Mary's Indian Residential School on the Blood Reserve in southern Alberta. Here he continues his work as Principal, always vigilant that the best opportunities be made available to his charges.

The banquet which followed the programme was held in an attractively decorated hall. Pupils of the primary classes depicted in a vivid art exhibition, scenes and events from Father Levaque's life.

Fr. G. M. Latour, O.M.I., Senator Gladstone, Fr. McCarty, Chief Goodstriker, Mr. Earl Adams and Dr. Wm. Prowse were the after-dinner speakers. Their anecdotes and reminiscences of Father's life engrossed the attention of the banquet guests, giving them a new understanding of the extent of the dedication necessary for an Oblate missionary.